

MONTHLY RECORD

— OF THE —

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY



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The Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School - Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School- At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song - Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give devise and bequeath unto THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,
in the City of New York, (incorporated A. D. 1854,) the sum
of dollars.

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry,

EDITED BY WM. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XXXVI.

JANUARY, 1893.

NO. 9.

THE NEW YEAR

is soon here again. It hardly seems possible that we have spoken through the pages of the RECORD twelve times since last we uttered the familiar wish. But it is even so, and we have bidden good bye to 1892 and entered upon the new year. "The King is dead, long live the King."

The House of Industry has reason to have pleasant memories of the past year. Our friends have been mindful of us, and consequently we have been kindly provided for. We have had abundant evidence of the good the Institution has accomplished, and so have had frequent occasions for much gladness of heart. Some have shown us by letters that it pays right royally well to care for the children. God has vouchsafed us spiritual blessings and we are sure that there has been growth in grace in some who were Christians, and the awakening of an interest in religious matters in others. That would be a barren year which did not show any religious interest, for we labor not alone for the meat which perisheth. Very grateful are we then as we review the year, and we are sure we have good cause to thank God and take courage.

Very heartily do we wish our readers a Happy New Year, and sincerely trust they may find 1893 even more enjoyable and profitable than 1892.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

ONLY a night from old to new !
 Only a night and so much wrought !
 The Old Year's heart all weary grew,
 But said, " The New Year rest has brought."
 The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down,
 As in a grave, but, trusting, said,
 " The blossoms of the New Year's crown
 Bloom from the ashes of the dead."
 The Old Year's heart was full of greed,
 With selfishness it longed and ached,
 And cried, " I have not half I need,
 My thirst is bitter and unslaked,
 But to the New Year's generous hand
 All gifts in plenty shall return;
 True living it shall understand ;
 By all my failures it shall learn.
 I have been reckless, it shall be

Quiet and calm and pure of life ;
 I was a slave, it shall go free
 And find sweet peace where I leave strife."

Only a night from old to new :
 Night and the healing balm of sleep !
 Each morn is New Year's morn come true,
 Morn of a festival to keep.
 All nights are sacred nights to make
 Confession and resolve and prayer,
 All days are sacred days to wake
 New gladness in the sunny air.
 Only a night from old to new !
 Only a sleep from night to morn !
 The new is but the old come true ;
 Each sunrise sees a new year born.

—Helen Hunt.

CHRISTMAS

proved, as we hoped it would, a very merry time for our children. In response to our appeal there came in to us a plentiful supply, so that we were able to give each child some substantial gift. The seasonable tree was erected, and as it stood on the platform under the gas-light it dazzled and glittered with the brilliancy of the numerous gilt and silver ornaments and other articles usually found on such trees. We commenced the season's festivities on the Friday eve before Christmas. Clearing the Chapel of all the chairs we gathered our children together there and distributed to them the gifts we had to bestow. After they had received the presents they were allowed the freedom of the chapel to play to their hearts content. Parents and friends were admitten and were allowed to present whatever they chose to bring. The trumpets and drums were lustily played and for two hours we had a racket indeed. On the following day we gave them liberty to play with their toys and enjoy their presents; on Sunday we sang our Carols and had the Christmas dinner; on Monday each child was given a paper bag containing nuts, candy, ginger cakes, crackers, orange and apple.

To the outside scholars we gave over three hundred articles of clothing. We can therefore report a most enjoyable Christmas-tide for our more than four hundred little folks.

DOCTRINE without precept is as a book without print.

THE SQUIRREL'S CUPBOARD

"Fifty years ago, when I was a boy," said a gentleman, "I used to travel around the country a great deal with my father. We used to make our journeys by stage-coach. It was a very pleasant way to travel, especially for boys, who were allowed to sit on top with the driver. It was my highest ambition to be a stage-coach driver myself when I grew to be a man.

The driver was always a good talker, and he made it his business to gather all the bits of interest he could find to retail to his "passengers on the top." When the stage-coach was coming into a town once, just at nightfall, the driver told me if I put up at Loomis' Tavern (all hotels were called "taverns" in those days), that I must ask the "keeper of the tavern" to show me what he had in his garret. Of course I was very curious to know what it was, but the driver only laughed and shook his head when I asked him to tell me. "You'll get more fun out of the sight if you don't know anything about it beforehand," he told me.

There were a large number of passengers that night, and my father said I must not trouble the landlord about the matter until morning. My father's word was law, and I dared not "tease," as some children do whom I have seen in these days.

After breakfast my father told Mr. Loomis what the driver had said to me, and he very kindly offered immediately to take me to the garret. The garret was a large room, and stored with everything that could be imagined. The military suits of the members of the Revolution hung there; old rusty swords, broken-headed drums, and all the things that make a boy feel that he is on an exploring expedition of a most interesting character; but the most interesting sight was around the large chimney in the middle of one side of the room. On each side of the chimney were butternuts and walnuts, piled in the most perfect order—the large end down and the small end up. There were rows upon rows of these nuts, standing up so perfectly arranged, that not one toppled or tipped from its base.

"Now," said Mr. Loomis, "keep very still and watch those open windows both sides of the chimney. You may have to watch some time, but your father is going to be in town some hours, so you will have time to look."

I began to grow impatient after Mr. Loomis went down stairs, and as he had told me to keep very still, I could not move about looking at the quaint things in the garret. But in a half-hour I saw a red squirrel come in through the open window with a nut in his paws, and he deposited it very carefully and methodically on the topmost row. He turned around very carefully, and his bushy tail made not the slightest disturbance in his cupboard. Then he went out of the window for another nut.

Soon my attention was attracted toward the window on the other side of the chimney. A gray squirrel was coming in that window, and he ran down into his cupboard, on the other side of the chimney, with a nut in his paws, and deposited it with just as much precision as the other did.

Mr. Loomis came in after I had watched the squirrels for an hour or so and he told me they had made their winter quarters in that garret for years, and that a rat or mouse was never seen or heard there when the squirrels had possession. — *N. Y. Evangelist.*

For the Record.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

From one who lives near the woods.

O FROST and cold," the church choir sings,
 " Bless ye the Lord," and ye
 " O ice and snow," bring offerings
 Of pure sublimity,
 " To magnify and praise"
 The God of wintry days.

Christmas and New Year come bedight
 In garments that seem spun
 From angel webs of spotless white,
 Woven beneath heaven's sun
 That shines forever bright,
 Knowing no shade, no night.

With dazzling jewels hang the trees ;
 The lapidary, Frost,
 Flings pearls and diamonds on the breeze,
 Careless of any cost,
 To give the woods gay gear,
 To welcome the New Year.

And forest boughs are blazing high
 In many a rich man's home,
 Where live love's warmth and revelry
 Under the storm-proof dome ;
 And children sing and dance,
 Glad in the home's love-glance !

But frost and cold, and ice and snow.
 Called on, in holy mirth,
 To praise and magnify below
 The Lord of heaven and earth,
 See other sights than these—
 Warm homes, and gem-hung trees.

Alas, in many a city street
 Wander the homeless crowds,
 Who dread the icy snow and sleet
 That fall from stormy clouds ;
 Who, in distress and pain,
 No sheltering comfort gain.

O Jesus Christ—Thou hast the key
 To all men's hearts and souls :
 Then, while the Benedicite
 From choir and organ rolls,
 Bring from all hearts a store
 Of pity for the poor.

And let the pity melt in deeds.
 To make young children glad,
 To help the helpless, and sow seeds
 Of joy in spirits sad,
 That all may bless and praise
 The God of wintry days.

—Caroline May.

OUR HOSPITAL

addition is now finished, and we have as complete a building for our poor sick children as there is in the city. There are ninety-five beds in it, and in case of an emergency or an epidemic of contagious diseases we are well equipped for the care of the little folks. Beside airy and cheery dormitories, some of which are flooded with sun-light all day, we have a magnificent playground on the top. The roof is paved with brick and is like an ordinary sidewalk of that material, and gives us a space of about twenty-five feet wide by sixty feet in length, away up in the air, some seventy-five feet above the street. With an awning over it in summer heats, we shall have an ideal place for the recreation of our convalescents.

Very grateful are we for the liberal gifts which have made this addition possible.

OUR CHRISTMAS SERVICE,

as seen by a reporter, was described in an article in the New York Times, which we hereby copy:

FEAST FOR FIVE POINTERS.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY. A SERVICE OF SONG FIRST, HELD IN THE MUCH-DECORATED CHAPEL—DELIGHTFUL SUNDAY FOR THE LITTLE ONES--TO-DAY COME THE NUTS, RAISINS, AND ORANGES.

Christmas is making a long stop at the Five Points House of Industry this year. The inmates began their celebration Friday night with a Christmas tree; Saturday they devoted their time to appreciating what they had got the night before, and yesterday they indulged in a special service of song and a Christmas dinner. To-day they will devote to unlimited nuts and fruits and kindred things. Song services are not new to the children of the House of Industry, but yesterday's effort was a different thing. The chapel was tricked out in the most approved Christmas dress. Festoons of green and pendent strings and stars of leafage were everywhere that there was room for them. Among the evergreens there were red-lettered Scriptural texts on white grounds, of recondite spiritual significance, considering the few years of those for whose edification they were intended, but making telling and effective bits of decoration among the lights and the leaves. The decorations were everywhere, but they were thickest up toward the front of the room, where the gilded pipes of the organ showed under the festoons.

Here, on one side of the instrument, were ten tiers of very small boy's heads, rising one above the other with astonishing regularity. Each boy wore a broad, stiff, white, linen collar, and had a big red or blue bow knotted under his chin, and all those hundred-odd boys looked as much alike as the keys on a piano, with just the difference that the keys have, that some were light and others dark. They were all so nearly of the same size that the row of heads looked as though they had been trimmed and evened up with the scissors for the occasion. It was only when they arose to sing that the rows of heads broke into jagged lines and some popped up above others. They were a very serious, demure company, these choiring youngsters, and each one kept his hands folded meekly together in his lap, unless there was some special call for their use. On the other side of the organ the girls' heads showed in similar tiers and rows, and kept nodding and rustling together like a bank of flowers in the wind. They were less alike than the boys, and more restless, with their suits of blonde hair, and black and plain brown, and were united only, apparently, by the common bond of the white apron of the institution. They, with the boys, filled the whole end of the room, from very close to the floor up nearly half way to the ceiling, and suggested as they sat there and sang together, the banked-up childish faces that the old Italian painters used to crowd into the golden backgrounds behind their pictured saints.

The programme that these children handled was ambitious. It began with the Doxology and the Apostles' Creed, and ran on down with alternate Scripture lessons and appropriate recitations and solos and choruses in

bewildering profusion. There were 324 shrill young voices that piped up to the organ's accompaniment and sang "Softly the Echoes Come and Go," "The Star of Bethlehem," and kindred selections. One small girl of four or five explained in a meek little voice in appropriate verse how "our hopes were brighter at Christmas time and mankind purer." Then came the Scripture story of the birth of Christ, arranged in words of one syllable and told by alternate boys and girls, each adding a single sentence to this tale. It was begun by a small boy, who said: "Long ago dere was some shepherds a watchin' deir flocks in de night," and was lisped to a triumphantly successful conclusion by tongues that stumbled over s's and were guileless of even attempting an r. At the conclusion of these ceremonies the children were marched in to a dinner—the regulation Christmas dinner, with plenty of white meat and the regulation great American dessert of pie, and mince pie at that, in spite of the fact that it was after 5 o'clock and dangerously near bedtime for a number of the guests at the feast.

The children at the home do not sit at table. Standing economizes space, and so they stand while they eat. A large number of the children have to get through this important faction with the aid of a spoon only. Only the larger ones are allowed knives, and it is a mark of distinction to have a fork intrusted to one's care.

Everything at the home, even the eating, is conducted on a semi-military plan. Some one taps on the table with a lead pencil, and the long rows of bibs and tuckers are bowed for grace, which is said aloud in unison. Then another tap with the pencil, and every one is permitted to eat, but with dignity and temperance, as becomes an inmate of so well-conducted an institution.

All this relates to the more mature inmates of the home—those of five or more. Up-stairs there was another table spread, where at the tap of a spoon on a saucer forty smaller people, who had not reached the age of deleterious pie, sat down—after they had said grace, of course—to familiar milk and bread.

Besides these provisions for the delectation of the children, Superintendent Barnard also distributed 100 baskets of Christmas dinners in the raw, so to speak, among the deserving families of the neighborhood. These baskets each contained an uncooked turkey, appropriate vegetable variations, and the inevitable pie. They cost on an average of \$2 each, and were the gift of some person who was not anxious for publicity in connection with his gift.

In addition to the 324 children who are housed in the home, there are 75 more who attend the schools of the Institution. These, too, came in for a share of the festivities and their accompaniment of material things. In all, the managers of the home have contrived—including 500 pieces of clothing sent out—to do something to make Christmas seem pleasanter to about 1,000 people who, for the most part, would otherwise have been forgotten.

It is very certain that sincere and happy conversation doubles our powers; that in the effort to unfold our thoughts to a friend we would make them clearer to ourselves and surround them with illustrations that help and delight us.—*Emerson*.

THERE'S SOMETHING SEEMS WANTING WHEN MOTHER IS GONE.

Oh, there's something seems wanting when mother is gone !
When her life-work is o'er and all labors of love;
When the long, weary course ends with life's sinking sun,
And her spirit is welcomed to mansions above ;
For the hearts are divided whose life-streams were one ;
'Tis a part of our life lost, when mother is gone.

What though pleasure may woo us as Time sweeps us on ?
There's a void in the heart, there's something we miss,
For the love of a mother in laurels we won,
And her joy in our joys were the fullness of bliss.
Though the praises of crowds and fair honors are won,
Still something is wanting when mother is gone.

There's a chorus of joy from blithe birds in the grove,
And the sunlight streams in through the wide-open door ;
But the lips of a mother are sealed, and her love—
The sunshine of home—we shall miss evermore!
For ah, brightness and gladness our hearts lose, since one
Ever nearest and dearest, our mother, is gone !

There is something seems wanting when mother is gone !
'Twas her voice that first taught us to lisp that sweet name ;
And her kind, gentle hand was our guide in life's morn.—
Oh, the love of a mother is better than fame !
'Tis a sorrow that deepens as time bears us on ;
Oh, there's something seems wanting when mother is gone !

COAL FOR THE POOR.

WE write during the prevalence of the intense cold weather which has been a parting gift of the old year. The thermometer indicating twenty degrees means to some of us simply the necessity of stirring up our fires a little more briskly and putting additional clothing on the person but it means far more to the poor dwellers in tenement houses. Their coal bin will not allow an extra use of the black diamonds, and they have no surplus wearing apparel, and so the biting, frosty air is an atmosphere of suffering.

Most thoughtful and kind, therefore, was some friend who sent us, through a Broadway banking-house, a check for two hundred dollars, to be spent for coal to give away. We shall speedily put the necessary machinery to work to scatter to at least one hundred and thirty-three families a quarter of ton of coal each.

Very grateful indeed are we to be allowed to be the almoner of such a generous giver, and we are sure the good friend will sleep warmer at night and go about more comfortable during the day, because of this liberal benefitting of the poor.

MONTHLY RECORD OF THE
PHILANTHROPY ON CREDIT.

The late Horace Leland who for many years kept the Leland Hotel at Springfield, Ill., was an exceedingly generous man and an especial lover of children. One day he and John A. C. Matthews, then speaker of the Illinois house of representatives, now first controller of the Treasury, were walking out together when they met a man with a cluster of toy balloons. School was just out, and hundreds of boys and girls came pouring from a building near at hand and formed in groups around the balloon man.

"Hold on, Ace," said Mr. Leland, "there's a joyous sight," and the two stopped and watched the children gaze longingly at the balloons.

"Fi' cent apiece."

"How much for the lot?" asked the philanthropist.

The man counted them over. There were twenty-one.

"One doll for de lot."

Mr. Leland took them all and distributed them among the children with as much fairness as possible, and away the little codgers ran with them.

Then Mr. Leland put his hand in his pocket and said,

"By thunder, Ace, I ain't got a cent. Lend me a dollar."

"Oh, no," said Judge Matthews, seriously, "You can't play philanthropist at my expense. Not much."

ONE HUNDRED FAMILIES

were supplied by us during the Christmastide with the materials for a good dinner, through the annual gift of friends of ours, who prefer to be unknown. We bought one hundred baskets and filled each with a turkey, two quarts apples, two quarts potatoes, one pound sugar, one-half pound coffee, two-pound loaf of bread, and a mince pie, to each basket we attached a tag which read, "This basket is the gift of a lady and gentleman, who wishes you and yours a Merry Christmas."

Wishing to reach families who were worthy and about whom we could obtain some reliable information, we invited the co-operation of several City Missionaries and they made out a list of people whom they visited and could commend, and we placed the baskets at their disposal. To our mind this was one of the most satisfactory of our Christmastide efforts. These dinners were taken home and cooked, and the families were gathered about their own tables, taking, of course, the comfort which they could not well have in any other place. The good donor, who called later, was much pleased with the knowledge that his gifts were so worthily bestowed, and we are sure that many a heart was made glad by the timely gift.

CHARACTER CROSS-ROAD.

BADEND and Goodend are rival towns,
As wide as the world asunder;
And yet they're as close in a certain way
As the lid to the eye that's under;

Close as the feet to the way they tread,
Or the deed to the thought behind it;
Close as the breath to the "No" we said,
Or the cup to the wine that lined it.

—Selected.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

AFTER one of our recent Sunday services, a gentleman in the audience stopped to introduce himself to us. He said he used to be a boy in the Institution in 1858, that he was sent to a home in Massachusetts, went into the army, after the war went to Arizona and became a cowboy, then drifted to lower California, studied law, entered politics, is now mayor of the city where he resides, and in the recent election was chosen to represent the district in Congress. He regarded the Institution with special interest, because he felt that it was the foundation of his present condition in life. He said, as he rode past one of the city markets that day, he called his wife's attention to it, and said to her that he had slept many a night in the carts that stood in the street about the market.

From a butcher cart dormitory to a seat in Congress is rather a long stride, and while it shows the possibilities which may be open to any boy who is determined to rise and has the brains necessary, it is an additional argument for work such as the House of Industry does, and a very cheering incident in the history of the Institution.

AIM HIGH.

THIS excellent advice the New York Observer gives its youthful readers :
Boys and girls, aim high. Do not say, "I will be pretty good," but endeavor to be perfect.

A great artist was once highly praised for a beautiful painting which he had just completed. "Ah, do not praise me," he said, sadly, "It may be very beautiful, but I aimed at perfection."

I once put the following question to a ragged little newsboy : "What are you going to be when you are a man?" The little fellow met my half quizzical glance with a look of determination in his bright eyes ; then he replied, "President of the United States, sir." That lad may not become President but he will not remain a newsboy.

George Eliot, in writing the last words of one of her most powerful novels, exclaims, "It is so much less than what I hoped for, I am dissatisfied."

Bear this in mind : "If we aim at the ground, we shall never reach the sky."

AT SUNSET.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you've left undone
 Which gives you a bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.
 The tender word forgotten,
 The letter you did not write,
 The flower you might have sent, dear,
 Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
 Out of a brother's way.
 The bit of heartsome counsel
 You were hurried too much to say;
 The loving touch of the hand, dear,
 The gentle and winsome tone
 That you had no time or thought for
 With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
 So easily out of mind;
 Those chances to be angels
 Which every mortal finds—
 They come in night and silence—
 Each chill, reproachful wrath—
 When hope is faint and flagging,
 And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
 And sorrow is all too great,
 To suffer our slow compassion
 That tarries until too late.
 And it's not the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you leave undone
 Which gives you the bit of heartache
 At the setting of the sun.

—Selected.

SAD CASES.

WE have had several very touching cases of want revealed in the histories of some of the cases which have come to us during the past month.

The following, cut from the N. Y. Telegram, N. Y. Recorder and N. Y. World respectively, will interest our readers, we think, and indicate that there is much more suffering in New York than many suppose, even now:

PLEGDED ALL FOR DRINK.

GLENZ IS DYING, AND HIS CHILDREN'S BELONGINGS WERE PAWNED BY THEIR DISSIPATED MOTHER.

Agent Moore of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, went to the top floor of the tenement house at No. 2,040 First Avenue, last night, and found the Glenz family in a very pitiful state of destitution.

George Glenz, the father, is dying of consumption. The mother is a wreck from alcoholism, and has pawned everything of the slightest value, even to the clothing and shoes of her three children. Mary, twelve years old, Charles, ten years, and George, aged eight years, who were shivering with cold and crying from hunger.

The agent took some clothing around to the place to-day and after the children had been dressed took them to the Harlem Police Court, where Justice Meade committed them to the Five Points House of Industry, to which institution they were committed July 18, 1891, but afterward taken out by their father.

The parents will both be sent to the hospital. Jacob Besant, an upholsterer, of No. 387 Lenox avenue, for whom Glenz formerly worked, informed the Society of the family's condition.

KEPT THE BABY, ANYWAY.

A MOTHER TELLS HOW HARD IT IS FOR SOME TO GET ALONG IN THIS WORLD.

"This is one of the worst cases of destitution we've ever handled, Judge."

So said Agent Deubert of the Gerry Society as he strung out six small children before Justice White, in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

The children were Paul, Freda, Jennie, Mary, Nellie and Hugo Weiss, aged respectively, 11, 9, 8, 6, 3 years and the baby 6 months, all comfortably dressed.

"The father, Albert, and the mother, Mary Weiss," continued the Gerry agent, "were dispossessed of their home at 489 second avenue about three weeks ago. This is the mother, sir."

"What has been the difficulty?" queried the Justice.

"Mine husband is a waiter, Shudge," answered the woman. "He wasn't hadt no vork for more as six mont's. He vas seeckly, and vas nefer strong, Shudge." "Does he drink?" asked the Court.

"I VANT TO KEEP MINE PAPY."

"Oh, no, sir; he vas sober und lofs his schildren. He vas haf hard luck. He hunt ver von shob, but he couldn't got him."

"Where is he now?"

"Some frendts gif him money to go to Phil'delphy; dey tought mebbe he could get some vork dere, Shudge. Ve haven't heered from him yet.

"I vant to keep mine papy, Shudge. He is only 6 monts olt, und he wouldn't know vat to do mitout its mudder," and a tear rolled down her wan cheek.

"What will you do?" asked the Court.

"I vill try and get some housevork. I kin do anyt'ing bout a house, und den I kin keep mine papy."

"Here's a letter from the Rev. Dr. Jesse F. Forbes of the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church," said the agent, "and he says that the woman is eminently respectable."

"Well, madam, you can take the baby, but I'll send the other children, five, I believe, to the Five Points House of Industry."

Then the mother and baby went one way and her five little ones departed another.

TEARFUL COURT TALES.

MRS. MAROONEY'S MISERY.

They said in the court-room that there was no story in that case, it was altogether too commonplace. "We have a dozen of those a day," said the clerk, "and they have more of them in some of the other courts than we do here in Yorkville."

The woman was young, not more than twenty-four. Her faded skirt was clumsily patched. Her shoulders were covered with a frayed shawl, which was wrapped partly about a babe which she held in her arms. Another child clung to her skirt. There was a funny little hat on her head, which perched there with jocular coquetry. The woman's face was drawn. Her eyes were dull. In her attitude, in her expression, was the monotone of misery.

She came to the court to have her children committed to an asylum. The love for them was not dead. For weeks there has been a slender margin between them and starvation. She worked as hard as she could, but the earnings were very small. She knew that if she kept the children with her there was no hope for them.

Things never have been very prosperous in the Marooney family. Marooney was a street sweeper. More of his earnings went for rum than for the two rooms at No. 243 East Twenty-fourth Street and food for his family.

Four months ago Marooney was sent to Blackwell's Island for three months for getting drunk and fighting. Mrs. Marooney scraped along as best she could while he was there. She looked forward eagerly to the time when he would be discharged. He was let go from the Island a month ago, but he did not come home, nor has his wife heard a word of him. There is a month and a half's rent due now, and Mrs. Marooney knows that she can never pay it. She will have to leave the house on Monday, and she wanted a shelter for her little children. The Justice sent them to the Five Points House of Industry.

OUR CHILDREN

were not the only persons who received a reminder of the fact that Christmas is a season of kind remembrance. One of our contributors, who gave one of the most liberal donations to the Institution on Thanksgiving, came in just before Christmas and said to us that he desired to express his interest in our work by remembering with a gift of money some of the employees. He mentioned several, and though he did not know personally all to whom he desired to give a gift, yet he said he wanted to testify in that way his appreciation of their labors. Before he left he distributed seventy-five dollars. It was certainly a most considerate act, and awoke feelings of the most sincere pleasure and gratitude, not alone for the value of the gift but for the testimony of personal regard, for our work here has a good deal of prose in it which a salary does not pay for. Our generous friend's interest has found expression on various occasions during the year, when he and his good wife have visited us and said a cheery word, which has been of great comfort to us. We wish he was not so unwilling to let his left hand know what his right hand does, for we would like to give his name, but it is written on our hearts.

AMONG the weeds let bloom one rose,
Lo, all the field with beauty glows!

So to the plainest face a smile
Will lend it beauty's mask the while.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study; it "weakens his eyes,"
But the "right sort" of book will insure a
surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane
affairs:

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a
hound,"

Very weary of life and of "tramping a-
round,"

But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till
night.

The showman will capture him some day,
I fear.

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head
"aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a
bit."

But mention baseball and he's cured very
soon;

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole af-
ternoon.

Do you think he "plays possum?" He
seems quite sincere;

But—isn't he queer?

—*St. Nicholas.*

SEVENTY-FIVE FAMILIES,

in addition to the one hundred mentioned elsewhere, were provided with a chicken, that they might have a good Christmas dinner. We distributed these chickens to the children who attend our day school. That they were appreciated was evident from the faces of the recipients as they received the fowl. The House of Industry, therefore, supplied over one thousand people, adults and children, with a good dinner.

MANY THANKS

are due to a host of friends who so liberally remembered our children during the Christmastide. Toys, books, and eatables were sent us in generous quantities, and we were made to feel that the House of Industry is not forgotten, even with the multiplicity of newer charities in this great City, and no appeal for its needs or the enjoyment of its children goes unheeded.

While it is rather invidious to select names for special mention, yet we cannot refrain from speaking of the Misses Stephens, who sent us 332 toys, dolls and articles of clothing, besides a large paper bag of oranges and cake, and they have done the same thing for us for many years.

"PAPA," said a little six-year-old girl at an uptown dinner table, "I've found out the difference between two holidays: The one in November was Thanksgiving; the one in December Thingsgiving."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

PRACTICAL PRAYER.

If you want to go to Boston, why, you start! Or if you want your mind trained, of course you train it! Why, then, if you want the poor to be fed, do you not feed them? Is there any surer way of relieving their present distress?

If more would-be benefactors would send their prayers right along, there would be many more thankful souls this Thanksgiving Day.

A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. But he broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks.

As he would be for a long time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service.

A tall, lank, blue frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown.

"Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers and they are out in the cart."

They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.

Many who pray would do well, we fancy, sometimes to send their prayers in such a way.—*Selected.*

 Received for Record, from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1892.

R. D. Weeks, Newark, N. J.....	\$1 00	Mrs. J. Mulford.....	\$1 00
Amelia Sauer, Yonkers, N. Y.....	1 00	Ambrose Leonard, Brooklyn.....	5 00
B. W. Tompkins, Norwich, Ct.	5 00	Mrs. W. H. Thompson, Melrose, Ct. . .	1 00
Mrs. Alpheus Cowles, Hatfield, Mass. 1 00		H. Peters.....	1 00

 Money Received from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1892.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Howard Mansfield.....	\$ 10 00	Bible Class, Calvary Chapel.....	\$ 6 19
Union Thanksgiving Service, E. Rock- away, N. Y., thro. Rev. T. T. Braith- waite.....	19 31	Union Thanksgiving Service, Setauket N. Y., thro. S. B. Strong.....	15 83
Junior Y. P. S. C. E., Scranton, Pa....	1 00	Jno. Davidson, E. Orange, N. J.....	5 00
Jas. Thatcher.....	5 00	Anna, Albert, and Fred.....	25 00
n Memory F. D. Moulton.....	25 00	Mrs. M. J. Kenyon, Cazenovia N. Y. . .	1 00
R. D. Weeks, Newark, N. J.....	1 00	S. S. Baptist Church, Smithville, N. Y. .	1 50
Only a very little.....	1 00	Mrs. O. H. Smith.....	5 00
Cash.....	1 00	Mrs. M. A. Maurice, Maspeth, N. Y. . .	25 00
Mrs. N. C. Rogers.....	10 00	Mrs. C. P. Armstrong.....	5 00
Mrs. H. C. West, New Orleans, La. . . .	5 00	W. B. Hornblower.....	10 00
Chas. T. Root.....	10 00	Mrs. Florence S. Martin, Waynesburg, Pa.....	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Barclay Parsons.....	5 00	Mrs. D. Cady Eaton.....	25 00
H. A. Bogert.....	5 00		

Cash.....	\$ 1 00	W. N. Clark.....	\$ 5 00
Mr. Breitenstein.....	2 00	Miss M. E. Sayres, Waynesburg, Pa.,	5 00
Miss Fackiners Class, S. S. Westminster		Mrs. Margaret White and Mr. Levi J.,	
Church.....	3 70	Hughes, teachers and their scholars,	
A. Keppleman.....	5 00	10 boys in Pres. S. S., Billingsport,	
In Memory C. A. Heald.....	25 00	N. J.....	5 00
Mrs. John H. Earle.....	10 00	Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Morgan.....	5 00
Wm. Remsen.....	20 00	Cash.....	1 00
Mrs. R. Nicholson.....	3 00	Gertrude C. Busby, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	10 00
Fred K. A. Snow.....	25 00	Thos. H. Baughle.....	\$10 00
Wm. Whitewright.....	50 00	Ratcliffe Hicks.....	5 00
Wm. Mitchell.....	10 00	Tappen & Pierson.....	1 00
C. C. Peck.....	5 00	E. N. Tailer.....	10 00
Christian Endeavor Mission Guild, Sag		Ellis B. Reeves, Phenixville, Pa.,	5 00
Harbor, N. Y.....	5 00	Caroline H. Patterson.....	5 00
Agnes Murray, Greenfield Hill, Conn.	10 00	Cash.....	2 00
A. & Co.....	10 00	S. E. Davis.....	5 00
S. S. Baptist Church, Roseville, N. J.,	8 00	Lottie E. Young.....	5 00
Joseph Corbit.....	5 00	Wm. Toothe.....	20 00
Friend.....	1 00	C. Adolphus Low.....	10 00
Wm. Reynolds Brown.....	50 00	E. Littlefield.....	5 00
Mrs R. O. De Lamater.....	10 00	Mary Maxwell.....	5 00
A lonely mother.....	2 00	Henry A. Manning.....	5 00
L. M. H.....	20 00	Mrs. C. H. Mallory, Brooklyn.....	25 00
Peter Cooper Golden Wedding fund.....	50 00	E. A. Whipple.....	2 00
Robert Goelert.....	50 00	Friend.....	5 00
J. S.....	21 00	Misses Annie A. and Ella Blair's	
Thos. Prosser & Son.....	25 00	classes in S. S. Westminister Ch.....	7 00
Dr. I. L. Kip.....	50 00	Mrs. J. De Ruyter.....	5 00
Warren and Mabel Chopin, Montclair,		E. B. Collins.....	5 00
N. J.....	5 00	Stamford Mfg. Co.....	25 00
Grace Hanna, Madison, N. J.....	50	H. W. Banks & Co.....	50 00
Will Lyle.....	2 00	Julia Fischer, Pomeroy, Iowa.....	5 00
J. Carr.....	10 00	Mr. W. G. Kimball's S. S. Class, Brook-	
E. F. Moll.....	5 00	lyn, N. Y.....	1 00
W. K. Hinman.....	5 00	Mrs. L. B. Paine, Troy, Pa.....	5 00
G. W. Powers.....	5 00	D. O. Mills.....	50 00
Mrs. W. Powers.....	5 00	Francis R. Arnold.....	20 00
John Dickinson.....	5 00	Mason & Hanson.....	5 00
Lilian Valentine, Bennington, Vt.,	10 00	T. B. Raymond.....	2 00
Children of Cleveland H. Dodge.....	20 00	John H. Glover.....	5 00
B. W. Tompkins, Norwich, Ct.,	15 00	Mrs. E. A. Bushnell.....	2 00
H. Witte.....	15 00	Miss Belle Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1 00
Mrs. Alpheus Cowles, Hatfield, Mass.,	1 00	C. H. Harris, Jr.....	10 00
Florence Brower.....	5 00	Cassidy & Son Mfg. Co.....	5 00
P. Lorillard Co., Jersey City.....	10 00	Pupils of 'The Elms,' Miss Porter's	
Edward L. Frost.....	10 00	School, Springfield, Mass.....	35 00
H. P. Frothingham.....	10 00	Mrs. Mary Crane, Dalton, Mass.....	50 00
Jas. V. Parker.....	5 00	W. Van Norden.....	10 00
Mrs. W. H. Granbery.....	5 00	Xmas entertainment, Pres. Ch. S. S.,	
Little Jeanette.....	1 00	Madison, N. J.....	26 32
C. M. B.....	5 00	F. E. Wallace, E. Orange.....	5 00
J. T. Van Rensselaer.....	2 00	Louise H. Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	100 00
Eliza J. Leverich, Garden City, N. Y.,	5 00	S. S. Cong Ch., Park Ridge, N. J.....	6 64
Cash.....	2 00	J. Montgomery Hare.....	5 00
Wm Alex. Smith.....	5 00	Sunday Collections.....	79 00
H. S.....	20 00		

Donations of Food, Clothing, Etc., from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1892.

Ahrens, H. F.....	sack dried lima beans	Burtis, Ella and Florence, Ethel Davis, Lot-	
Allison, Gertrude E., Middletown, Ct.,		tie Klopp, Clara Monness, Annie, Lottie,	
children's underwear		and Mamie, Muller, lot toys, games, dolls,	
Armstrong, Mrs. Chas. P. Jr.,		doll-cradles, books, etc.	
pkg. clothing, etc.		Christian Endeavor Mission Guild May, E.	
Barber, Mrs. R. W., So. Coventry, Ct.,		Miles, Secy. Sag Harbor, L.I., 10 new flannel	
bbl. clothing, shoes, hats, etc.		and Canton-flannel garments	
Bawden, Thomas E.....	pkg. clothing	Comey & Co.....	8 cases felt hats
Borgfeldt, Geo. & Co. large quantity of toys,		Crawford, Mrs. T. R. and Davidson, Mrs. E.	
books, games, writing-desks, etc.		L., case clothing, shoes, etc.	
Bostwick, Mrs. H. A.....	pkg. shoes	Cushman, O. L. & Co. 147 Third Ave.,	
By Hoboken Express box scrap-picture-		5 bbls. bread and rolls	
books, games, dishes, picture-books, etc.		Cushman, O. L., 385 Fourth Ave.,	
		2 bbls. bread	

- Davis, Mrs. J. A.,
4 bxs. and 2 pkgs. clothing, shoes, toys, etc.
- Davison, Mrs. John, Orange, N. J.,
trunk clothing and shoes
- Davy, Mrs. J. H., E. Springfield, N. Y.,
bbl. clothing, shoes, books, etc.
- DeWitt, Miller, pkg. clothing
Dixon, Sally,
2 pkgs. toys, picture-books, dolls, etc.
- Dresler, Lucy and Arthur, Brooklyn,
pkg. picture-books, games, dolls, etc.
- Engle, Mr. pkg. clothing
- Fitterley, Miss M. E., Lander, Pa.,
box clothing, shoes, and dolls.
- Flemming, Mrs., Williamsburg
pkg. clothing and shoes
- Flieschmann's Vienna Model Bakery,
140 loaves of bread
- Ford, Clara R., Huntington, L. I.,
pkg. toys, picture-books, and jacket
- Friend, dress
Friend, pkg. books
- Friend, 11 pairs new drawers, clothing, shoes
etc.
- Friend, pkg. clothing
- From a friend, 24 new gingham aprons and
9 new chemises
- Green, Mrs. L. H., pkg. clothing and shoes
- Hand, Katharine W., overcoat and skirt
- Hanna, Miss Grace., Madison, N. J.,
pkg. clothing, shoes, and hats.
- His Name Circle, thro. Isabella F. Wood, 10
new canton-flannel garments, 4 dressed
dolls, etc.
- Irwin, Miss M. L., 2 dressed dolls
- Johnson, E. H., Brooklyn., clothing, shoes,
books, papers, toys, etc.
- Jones, E. Miller, Brooklyn,
3 pkgs. clothing, shoes, dolls, and books
- Julien, Mrs. M., pkg. clothing and shoes
- King's Daughters of No. Presby. Church, 9th
Ave. and 31st St., Miss Morgenweck, Pres.
7 under garments, one dress, ulster, hat,
gloves, shoes, etc., all new, for special
case.
- King's Daughters of Ref'd. Church, Clifton
N. J., Miss Sadie M. Dinamore, Pres., bbl.
new and second-hand clothing, shoes, etc.
- King's Daughters of the Presby. Church thro.
Miss Cora Clark, Waterloo, N. Y., bbl.
clothing and shoes.
- King's Daughters, thro. Miss Cornelia T.
Strong, Setauket, L. I., 3 new scrap-picture
books for hospital children.
- Lemmon, Mrs., Englewood, N. J.,
box toys, dressed dolls, cradles, etc.
- Loomis, Miss E. G., Binghamton, N. Y.,
box flannel clothing
- Marsh, Mrs. E. C., Amherst, Mass.,
bbl. clothing, shoes, and quilts
- Miller, Mrs. L. M.,
lot of clothing, shoes, etc.
- Miller, Mrs. S. N., Brooklyn, E. D.,
lot of clothing, shoes, and hats
- Nichols, Mrs. H. N., Jefferson, N. Y., trunk
of clothing, shoes, bedding, crockery, etc.
- Nicholson, Mrs., thro. Chas. T. Gallaway,
21 stuffed dolls for the nursery
- No name, Clifton, S. I., box clothing
- No name, clothing, shoes, and books
- No name, Harlem, N. Y.,
bbl. clothing, shoes, etc.
- No name, Harlem,
2 large pkgs. clothing and shoes
- No name, Jersey City, N. J.,
bbl. clothing, shoes, etc.
- No name, pkg. clothing
- No name, pkg. sundries
- No name, Morristown, N. J.,
pkg. clothing and shoes
- N. Y. Flower and Fruit Mission,
box oranges
- Paddock, E. L., picture-books, toys, etc.
- Paddock, Mrs. Eugene H., box toys, etc.
- Palmer Brothers., Messex,
12 new comfortable
- Peck, Mrs. Laura A., box clothing, books, and
Christmas decorations.
- Peebles, E., pkg. clothing
- Pettigrew, Mrs. Robert H. Jr.,
pkg. clothing and shoes
- Power, Mrs. W. H., Montclair, N. J.,
pkg. clothing
- Presley, Mrs. James, 37 pairs new drawers
and second-hand clothing.
- Proudfit, E., Highlands, N. J.,
trunk clothing, etc.
- Purdy, E., pkg. clothing and hats
- Putnam, Mrs. S.,
3 pkgs. clothing, shoes, and hats
- Rice, Mrs. G. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
pkg. clothing, shoes, and toys
- Riggs, A. K., pkg. Christmas cards
- Ronda, Miss M. A.,
20 yards new canton-flannel
- Romage, Mrs. C. C.,
160 fancy bags candy and box fancy cakes
- Row, M. H., Reddick, Fla., box oranges
- Skinner, Mrs. S., clothing, shoes, etc.
- Slauson, A., 50 lbs. candy
- Southwick, Mrs. H. C., pkg. clothing
- S. S. Class of boys, Church of the Holy Com-
forter, Eltingville, S. I., pkg. books,
papers, apples, etc.
- S. S. Class of Miss Julia P. Lovell of Presby.
Church, Madison, N. J., bbl. "Baldwins."
- S. S. of Presby. Church, Madison, N. J., bbl.
flour and case new and second-hand cloth-
ing, toys, games, books, dolls, groceries,
crackers, etc.
- St. Agnes Guild of Christ Church, Hacken-
sack, N. J., thro. Mrs. J. Chester Wells, box
clothing and 6 new dresses.
- Stephens, The Misses, 30 dressed dolls, 170
toys; for girls, 12 dresses, 12 muslin skirts,
12 flannel skirts, 12 Merino vests, 12 Union
suits, 36 prs. stockings, and 12 scarfs; for
women, 6 muslin skirts, 6 flannel skirts,
6 Merino vests, 6 prs. drawers, all new;
bag candy, bag oranges, bag New Year's
cakes.
- Striker, Mrs. G. W., pkg. clothing
- Thurburn, Mrs. Jane, lot of clothing
- Van Allen, Wm. Harman, pkg. books
- Van Ness, The Misses,
8 new books for children
- Van Rensselaer, Miss A., 5 new knit skirts,
3 new mufflers, and 53 cornucopiae of
candy.
- Van Siclen, Mrs. S. J.,
pkg. clothing and shoes
- White, Miss M. W., lot of toys
- Whitney, Miss E. C., 22 new garments
- Williams, Maisie and Jennie,
scrap-picture book
- Y. P. S. of C. E. of the Presby. Church,
Waterloo, N. Y., Miss Kittie K. Fatzinger,
Secy., 2 bbls. clothing, shoes, hats, and 6
yards new flannel.
- Zabriskie, A. C., box Christmas cards
- 113 E. 46th St., pkg. clothing
- 235 West 45th St., pkg. clothing and shoes

Objects of the Institution.

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY was founded in 1850, by the Rev. L. M. Pease, with the design of providing shelter and employment for the poor at the Five Points. It was incorporated in 1854.

At first its labors were among the adult population, furnishing work and a home to such of the wretched women as really desired to abandon their lives of guilt. There were soon added to it the features of a day-school and asylum for the shelter of children.

From a little household of thirty to forty women in 1850 the House of Industry has grown to its present proportions, little by little, as a necessity for its enlargement has seemed to demand, until, at the present time, there are gathered under its roof more than FOUR HUNDRED adults and children daily.

It receives women who desire situations as servants, giving them shelter until employment is found, they, meanwhile, doing the work of the Institution.

It provides a temporary home for children who are orphans or whose parents are unable to care for them.

It offers a cheap boarding place for the children of such as are able to partially support their children but who must break up their home, living at a distance, to earn the money to pay their way.

It admits children whose parents are sick and must go to hospital, and keeps such until the patients have recovered.

It offers the advantages of the day-school to all the children of the neighborhood, and gives such as are needy food and clothing.

It maintains, in a building newly erected for the purpose, an Infirmary and Free Dispensary for the benefit of children and adults at the Five Points.

The average cost of maintaining the Institution is about ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS per day, and for this sum the House is partly dependent upon voluntary contributions.

During its existence more than FORTY-THREE THOUSAND children have been in its school, and there have been TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND inmates.

Donations of money, second-hand clothing and shoes will be gratefully received.

Visitors are welcomed on any day.

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS K. JESUP, PRES.	GEORGE F. BETTS, SECY	HUGH N. CAMP, TREAS.
CHARLES LANIER,	DAVID S. EGGLESTON,	OLIVER HARRIMAN,
GEORGE H. MORGAN,	WALTER H. LEWIS,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,

1823.

1892.

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